

and heartily carried out, are better than the best possible plans marred and maimed by open disobedience, or by slack and half-hearted execution. We need not go back to ancient history for examples of armies defeated, and empires shaken to their foundations, by professional jealousy; the present century teems with such instances. The jealousy which existed among Napoleon's marshalls in Spain contributed largely towards Wellington's successes. Had they loyally stood by one another in carrying out their master's plans, the small English force operating in the Peninsula must speedily have been overwhelmed. The British Army itself was by no means free from this stain; the jealousy between Picton and Crawford was notorious, and a source of trouble and annoyance to their great commander. Jealousy between our leaders in the Afghan War in 1838 helped to bring about our humiliating and disastrous defeats, and led, in the end, to the destruction of our whole army in the gloomy passes beyond Jellalabad. Nor did the evils resulting from this jealousy perish with the army it helped to ruin. The heavy blow which our Afghan reverses struck at our prestige in India was one of the causes of the Sepoy mutiny, which, in its turn, has bequeathed to the present day a heritage of difficulties and dangers, springing out of the hatred which that fearful conflict sowed between Englishmen and the native races of India—a hatred practically unknown before 1857. Nor was jealousy absent in our late Afghan war, though, fortunately, the evils flowing from it were not so great as in 1838. As a matter of fact, this insidious poison is, more or less, present in every army, and if not steadily checked permeates all its ranks, and splits it up into numerous cliques, rendering it incapable of that complete and rapid combination in which its strength consists. Numbers cannot save from defeat where unity is wanting.

Professional jealousy may be cured in its early stages, if the men in whom it has begun to show itself can have their eyes opened to the meaning of this passion, and the magnitude of the consequences which may flow from its indulgence: for few young men, conspicuously at least, place their own vanity or interest above duty to their country and loyalty to their comrades. But if the disease has once taken firm hold on any portion of an army it should be cut away, lest it corrupt the whole body. If the offenders are officers holding important commands—the higher the rank the greater the evil—remove them at once: they are utterly unfit to occupy any important post, and half-measures in such a case would be worse than useless. If the offenders be staff officers remand them to their regiments, and if regimental officers, detail them for some duty where they will be harmless, and have time to consider their ways.

But, after all, human nature is good rather than evil, and it would be unfair to leave this subject without reversing the medal, and show how nobly officers have stood by each other, and with what generosity some have preferred a comrade's reputation or advancement to their own. I could give many instances, but two must suffice, the one of recent date, the late Afghan war, the other drawn from the great days of the Mutiny, when loyal co-operation and unwavering trust in each multiplied a hundred-fold a handful of soldiers, whilst insubordination and distrust neutralised the enormous advantages enjoyed by the rebels. In the latter case, Outram, on the 16th September, 1857, in a divisional order, waived his right to command the Lucknow relieving force in favour of Havelock, "in consideration of the strenuous and noble exertions which he (Havelock) had already made to effect that object," a sacrifice which Holmes justly says has no parallel in military history. Yet it is wrong to speak of the action as though it were an isolated one. It was but the final triumph of a life of self-sacrifice.

"This is the happy warrior; this is he  
Whom every man in arms should wish to be."

Sir Donald Stewart, in the Afghan war, acted a somewhat

similar part. Not only did he make no attempt to supplant Sir Frederick Roberis in the honour of relieving Kandahar, but he used every exertion in his power to equip and despatch one of the most efficient forces ever put into the field. Although in a critical position himself, he did not hesitate to denude his own army of its finest troops, and he placed at Sir Frederick's disposal the pick of his transport. This unselfish conduct ensured the success of the operation, and, like Outram's abnegation, should be immortalized in the pages of history.

I will end this essay by placing before my readers the highest results of discipline, embodied in deeds which shed a lasting lustre on the English race and name, the deeds of obscure men, performed under circumstances which left no loophole for the satisfaction of personal ambition, and but little chance of fame; indeed in the one case, so far as I know, the name of the hero has not been preserved. Both the acts which I shall narrate took place in Delhi on the fatal 11th of May, 1857; and the two together saved English rule in India. Every English man has read the story of how Willoughby and his handful of followers defended the great Delhi magazine against overwhelming odds, whilst defence was possible; and how, when all hope of success had vanished, they destroyed what they could no longer hold. From that band of heroes, all worthy of remembrance, I will take one—Conductor Scully, since it was to him that the duty was assigned of blowing up the place as soon as it should become clear that the enemy must prevail. For four hours this brave man stood, port-fire in hand, watching the progress of the attack. To have been in the midst of the fray, fighting, sword in hand against the ever-growing host of assailants, would have been easy work compared to that silent, motionless watch and waiting. Yet Scully did not flinch, and when, at 3.30 p.m., Willoughby, seeing that the enemy had planted ladders against the walls and were swarming up them, gave the signal to fire the train, he applied the port-fire and died where he fell, carrying with him as his sole reward the knowledge that the magazine was utterly destroyed, and that the vast stores of ammunition it contained would never serve to hurl rebel bullets into English ranks. This was the first fatal blow struck at the Mutiny; and whilst Scully was standing waiting for the signal to meet death, at the telegraph office not far away, a young clerk, almost a boy, sat at his instrument, deaf to the yells of the murderers pressing ever nearer, hearing only the voice of duty in his own breast, flashing to Umballa, to Lahore, to Rawal Pindi, to Peshawur, news of the hopeless struggle raging around him: "Click! click! The sepoys have come in from Meerut, and are burning everything. Mr Tod is dead, and we hear, several Europeans. We must shut up." The mutineers burst in; the last click died away; and in the performance of his duty the signaller was slain.\* That was the second great blow struck at the Mutiny. The first crippled its offensive power; the second warned the authorities of the Punjab, and saved that province to become the ark whence a few weeks later the small army went forth which was to reconquer the provinces already lost, and re-establish British sway in India. The results of those two deeds, so far as we know them, were great indeed; but their influence, which we can not trace, was greater still.

They were no cowards, those men that fought against us at Lucknow, at Delhi and a hundred other different places during that terrible struggle; but they lacked the unity and the self devotion, trained to resist the promptings of all personal hopes and fears, which discipline alone can give. The English had both: and in the steady obedience of Willoughby's little band, standing together to the last, and in the simple performance of duty unto death of that nameless hero of the telegraph office, the mutineers must have recognised a spirit higher than their own, and in the very hour of victory must have felt a foreboding of coming defeat.